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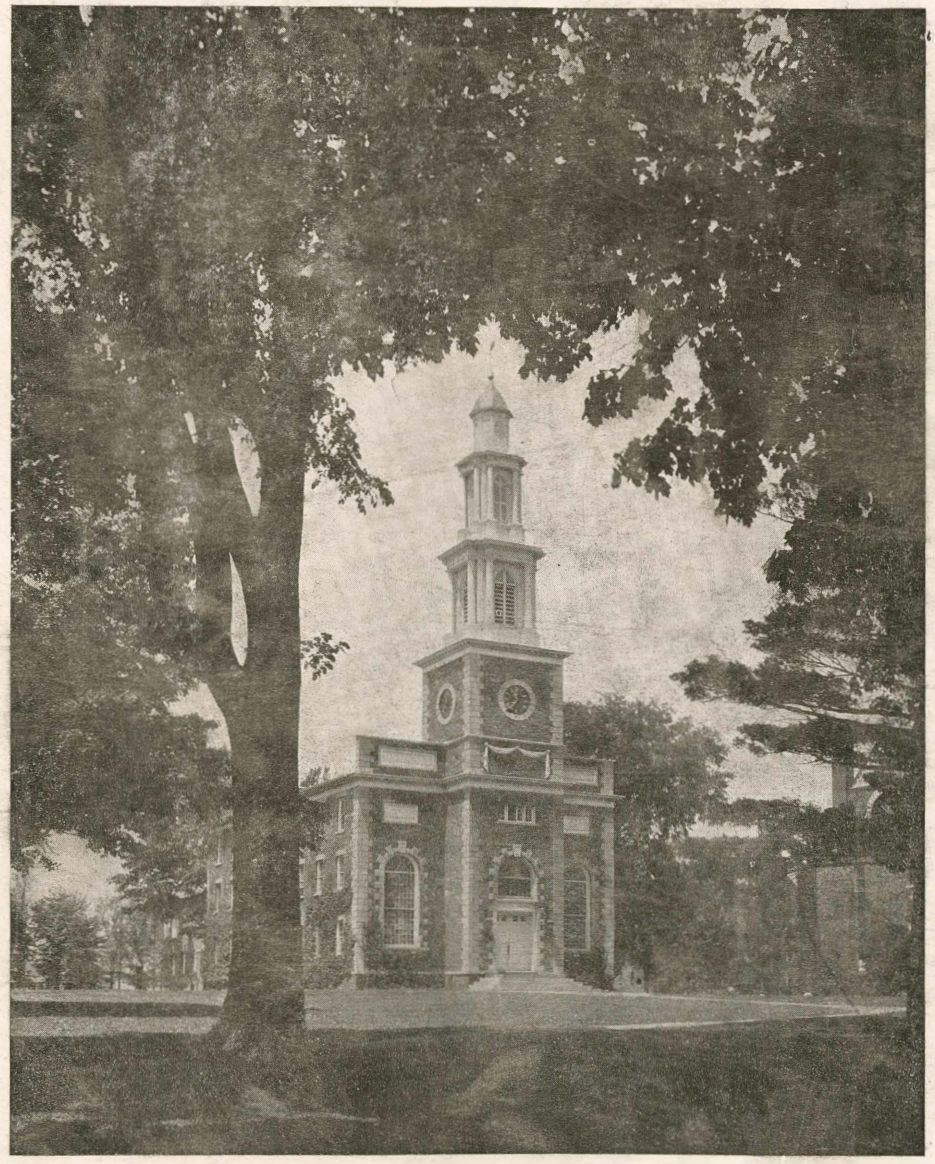
HAMILTON NEWS

MAY 9, 1945



From the Chapel, V-E Day was rung to Kirkland Township

HAMILTON BELL RINGS OUT V-E DAY

HAMILTONEWS

VOL II, No. 106 ACTIVITIES May 9, 1945

COLLEGE OBSERVES V-E DAY AS BELL PEALS

May 8, 1945

This is V-E Day. We have been expecting the final proclamations for almost a week, but now we are sure. It is a great day at Hamilton. The weather is not all that it should be on such an occasion, but the steady downpour has not dampened our spirits in the least. At 8:45 this morning, just twenty-four hours after the surrender terms had been signed, Dean Blyth called off all 9 o'clock classes and ordered a general meeting in Commons. The students poured into the building at rapid speed, and along with the faculty, wives, secretaries, press, photographers, and anyone else who happened to be on the Hill, found seats in the lounge. The radio sputtered, and the crowd grew impatient listening to the fashion broadcast which preceded the scheduled talks by United Nations leaders. The bell, our chapel bell which had not been rung since 1942 because it had been used as an air-raid warning, was pealed for the first time at nine. The bell symbolized the end of fear of attack by an enemy, and it brought joyous tidings to the Hamiltonians, who for the war months had only heard of "ringing the bell". The end of the war in Europe has brought the beginnings of real spirit to the campus.

Working in half hour stints pairs of Continentals rung the bell all day and as we are working now the bell is pealing out Victory through Kirkland Township.

In Commons the radio announced the President of the United States, and the next voice was that of Harry S. Truman. The president in a thankful and sobering message proclaimed the "official" end of hostilities in Europe, even though most of us knew about it yesterday noon. The president asked that this Sunday be devoted to prayer and thanksgiving, and the service in Chapel will be conducted by the Rev. Theodore Carter Speers of New York who has lost a son in this conflict. The bell is still ringing and probably will do so all day

President Truman, in his V-E proclamation, asked the people of the United States to continue to work at their jobs-work until final victory may be proclaimed in the Far East. The order of this joyous day was no slackening of production efforts. We must continue this fight until the last shot is fired in the Pacific area. Following the president's speech to the world, C.B.S. broadcast a recording of Prime Minister Winston Churchill's speech to the peoples of Great Britain. Churchill spoke at 9:00 A.M. E.W.T. making the announcement simultaneously in the "big three" capitals. Mr. Churchill spoke of the events which have taken place to make this day of rejoicing possible. Proclaiming Tuesday and Wednesday, May 8th and 9th, as national holidays in England, he cautioned the English people against continuous celebration as the war with Japan is still to be fought. He pledged the whole-hearted support of the English nation against the last member of the now dying Axis. At the end of each leader's talk, the national anthem of the respective country was heard throughout the world. As we stood at attention with the rest of the habitants of the "hill", visible emotion could be seen as well as felt, on the faces of each and every one attending that radio broadcast; an emotion which portrayed the feelings of everyone - proud of the job done by our fighting forces; proud of our war leaders; and yet sobered by the thought of those who have done their job and who will never return.

A recapitulation of the proceedings at Reims, France in the little red schoolhouse, headquarters of General Dwight D. Eisenhower was then given by the C.B.S. reporter, Charles Collingwood, from Paris. He retold the story, now known by everyone, of the actual surrender which he witnessed. He told of the tense struggle which took place over the terms and the final humiliation of the German Government when General Jodl affixed his signature to the peace terms. Thus the greatest war in the history of the world was brought to an end, eleven months after the allied expeditionary force landed on the beaches of Normandy.

V-E DAY continued

The bell, which has been ringing all day sings of victory and at the same time tolls for the many Hamiltonians and other of our youths who have given their lives, and for those who have yet to give, so that we may live in peace. Dr Graves, toady, made a speech to the students at the Clinton Central High School in cooperation with the V-E day observances. Hamilton now continues in its work, in war, in peace, to build for those of us who are leaving to finish the job which has now been completed in Europe.

BATS IN THE BELFRY

As the bell pealed all day long, several minor incidents were reported to the administration building. A Clintonian telephoned "General"Burton to inquire about the bell ringing.

"Why is the bell ringing," the voice asked.

"I guess someone must be pulling the rope", was the terse comment.

But before this call had come through Dean Blyth climbed the chapel tower to investigate the tolling. When he saw the efficient schedule arranged until midnight, he smiled and looked longingly at the rope. But he didn't ring; he just turned, waved his hand and said, "I guess it's a good idea". So the two Hamiltonians in the belfry pulled harder.

CLASSMATES IN THE WAR

Down on a small island of the Marianas group, there is an organization known as the "Hamilton Association of the Marianas". It is made up of five members, LT. JOSEPH F. ANDERSON ('44), LT.DOUGLAS W. KUHN, LT. DAVID H VANDERWART, both '44, AND LT. CHARLES H. REDMOND ('45), all Marines, and ENSIGN S. DUY HUTCHISON, ('45). They expect two more members soon. AIR LT. WESLEY W PERINE ('41), and O/C ROBERT R COWAN ('45), both Marines.

DICK BURNS ('48) is a King's Point Merchant Marine Academy, and he says conditions are fine there, while FURB COLE, ('49), who left last week, is already at Camp Dix, N.J., where he awaits assignment to a training camp.

SGT. ROBERT C. KINGSBURY ('46) of the AAF has been in India over a year now and has travelled all over Eastern India, Burma and parts of China. He had received a bulletin from Dave Beetle with pictures and other information about the college which was passed around quite a bit. He had a hard time explaining to the WACs there that Hamilton is not Co-Ed.

BOB GENS ('48) has completed his basic seamanship training at the Maritime Academy and entered the Purser's school for special Purser and Pharmacist training. After this he goes to sea as a purser with Hospital Corp duty. This present service is along the lines of the Pre-Med. training he was taking here on the Hill. He was one of the only two of his age (18) to be accepted for special training from his barracks. Bob longs for Hamilton and he follows the Hamiltonews with interest.

P.FPC. DONALD W. FREUDENBERGER ('46) is with a medical detachment that is overseas now.

BERT PORTIN ('46) is at San Diego for ~~further radar training~~ while his former roomate, SHELLY HOROWITCH ('48) S1C/RT is starting his Radar Training at Great Lakes.

There are now five sailors attending college while on inactive duty from the Navy. They are GEORGE WALDO ('48) S1C/RT, AL ZINN ('48) S1C/RT, BERT NATELSON ('48) S1C/RT, CHUCK LEONHARDT ('48) HA2/c and DICK PUGLISI ('48) HA2/c. Of these, the first three expect to finish the term before being called, Chuck expects to leave soon, and Dick is not sure, but is waiting to be called.

CAPTAIN DANIELSON VISITS HILL

Captain Maxwell L. Danielson, former executive officer of the army unit here, has been transferred to St. Bonaventure College in Olean, New York. His military career started in the National Guard and he trained in the A.A.F. school of applied tactics. In 1941 he was voted the best liked soldier in the unit. This is one of the greatest tributes that a company could pay its commander, and it shows just how his men felt toward him.

CAPTAIN D NIELSON continued.
His sense of soldier psychology was one of the main factors which made him popular.

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COLLEGE NOTES.

The 135th Commencement of Hamilton College has been scheduled for June 3rd. It will be held in conjunction with the Baccalaureate ceremonies... The class periods of the summer term have been set for 1 hour and 10 minutes each, as compared with the 53 minutes of each period at present. Each student will be taking 2 subjects, six times a week,aand the theory of the summer study is summed up by the word "concentration".

The international Relations Club, almost the only extra-curricular activity moving at full speed, will discuss the Middle Eastern situation, now that the war is over, on May ninth. Dave Simonson and Howard Jamison will present balanced reports.

Inside sources reveal that the "Hamiltonews" will suffer an acute manpower shortage in the summer.

SPORTS

The "well practiced" Hamilton tennis team is looking forward to two matches this week, one with the celebrated Colgate team on the 11th of May at 4:00 p.m. and the other with U.F.A. on Saturday the 12th, probably at 2:30 p.m. Since this is our only varsity sport and first intercollegiate game in about two years, let's get out and cheer our team to a grand game win or lose. We have all sorts of confidence that they will put up a good fight.

About twenty of the students, at five o'clock, leave their beloved studies to go and play the fascinating game of volleyball.
After they have dressed appropriately in shorts and sneakers, they divide into two teams to play between six and eight games of the fastest volleyball played on the Hill in a long time.

The playboys game, golf, attracts about ten fellows every afternoon at five o'clock for a "strenuous" round of between one and nine holes. It is reported that the greens are in good condition and that the fairways are getting better all the time. Take it from "Dave" Hardon, it is a great sport; better try it !!

The greater portion of swimmers are Life Savers and Instructors to be, but also the Waldo-Girvan fight continues and Frank Wright is showing more promise of becoming a diver. In the Life Saving class Coach Randall and his assistant, Ken Moore, have taught the "human fish" how to use the elementary forms of rescue, how to approach a victim, and how to break various strangle holds that a victim may be able to get. They are also teaching beginners to swim.

REMEMBER

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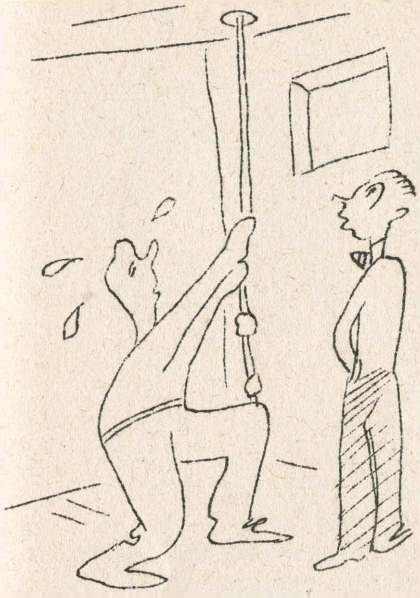
VICTORY



CAMPUS CASUALS

The shortage of coke bottles had little effect on the little boys of South. They found that milk bottles 'borrowed' from the Back Room spray over a larger area and make more noise than coke bottles, when thrown against the wall.

Many have wondered why a column was not published about the houseparty. Answer: the events of the houseparty were either no fun or unprintable.

It seems that Carmer has been going to the hospital a lot lately. Possibly a little heartburn?

Congratulations to Sherm Smith, who tried in a friendly and tolerant way to educate those who will not or cannot be educated.

Though constructive criticism is a good thing, destruction is the theme around here, as manifest in the tearing down of the Charlatans by Hamilton's own Burton Roscoe.

The advance of technology has been summed up by a noted collaborator on History as thus: "It pays to be sloppy". We think he was referring to the habits of inventors, not to the type of clothing which should be worn in the dining hall.

Hamilton's worst enemy these days, it seems, is a fellow named Eddie Test. He's a friend of Roy Darr.

We hear our tennis team is Cohen to play Colgate. We hope no one is Gelas of the teams nororiety, Moore or less.

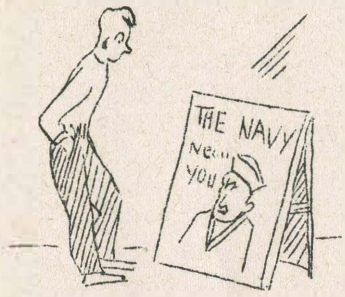
"In Union there is Strength!" Too bad there isn't a little in Hamilton too.

Someone has remarked that if it doesn't stop raining soon, we'll all become ducks. We have our share of quacks already.

A reptile crawled into the refinery of the Standard Oil Company. Snake in the grease.

Overheard from Pres. of the Charlatans: "I wonder if it was one of my contemptoraries, or a professor who wrote the review?"
"It was one of your contemptoraries, who explains, 'No harm done - - just a gentle admonition'."
NOTE: admonition, according to Ambrose Bierce, is "gentle reproof, as with a meat-axe".

An award for heroism above and beyond the call of duty should be awarded to the man who dared venture into the dining hall before Tom Simpson has fired the starting gun.



"ANCHORS AWEIGH"

by Robert Slentz

"The Navy needs you. Now!!" A handsome sailor points his finger accusingly from the poster. The finger and eyes of the sailor are so painted that they point in a straight line at any onlooker, regardless of the angle from which he views the sign. Boys of fourteen or fifteen gaze longingly at the appeal for enlistment, while older men walk disdainfully past, secretly wishing, nevertheless, that they were seventeen again.

Inside the postoffice another sign points at a staircase -- "Navy Recruiting Station, 2nd Floor." A short climb brings one to the top of the stairs, and directly ahead lies the office.

One boy, apparently of high school age, looks at the door and walks past trying to look nonchalant, but instead appearing flustered and nervous. Then he turns around, gains courage, squares his shoulders like a man preparing for the last mile and bursts through the door. To his relief there are five or six ahead of him and he has to wait his turn.

Behind his desk in the far end of the room sits the recruiting officer. A placard on his desk announces to the world that he is "Chief Jackson". And everyone addresses him simply as "Chief", except for the new recruits who speak to him timidly and respectfully as "sir", but still no one seems to know what the term "Chief" stands for. It could be Chief Petty Officer, or it could be Chief Wahoo.

Action dominates the atmosphere of the office. Orderlies rush from room to room carrying birth certificates, physical reports, changes in government rulings, and any number of application forms on which an enlistee must give his whole life history. The Chief himself is carrying on two conversations at once, one over the phone explaining to a bewildered mother that her son is not eligible for Navy enlistment after his eighteenth birthday, the other instructing a Navy aspirant on the procedure for filling out one of the many forms.

"Yes, Madam. At pre-induction he can apply for assignment to the Navy. But he cannot enlist now. On page two of that form where it asks for the country of your mother's birth, don't put America. There are probably twenty-five countries in America, so if you mean the United States of America put down the United States of America. Have you got everything straight now? That's all right, madam, it was no trouble at all.

Slowly the waiting line dwindles as the boys move on to other rooms, to take preliminary physicals or to take the Eddy test. Then another group files back into the office from one of the adjoining rooms. Some are smiling, but others have disappointment written on their faces. It isn't hard to decide who has been accepted and who rejected. Those rejected don't stop in the outer office but continue slowly, almost ashamed into the corridor.

The Chief directs those who are left. "Now you've all passed your preliminary tests. But you've still got a final examination before you're in the Navy. Take the 7:20 train tomorrow morning to Albany. The recruiting station there is a block and a half to the left on the same side of the street as the railroad terminal. Here are your tickets. And here's a sealed packet containing your enlistment papers and physical reports. Take the elevator to the fifth floor and hand this to the first Chief you see. All set? Everybody understand? Okay. Good luck, fellows; keep your dry side up."

After they have left, he turns to one of the waiting. "Here, Bud, here's a quarter. Run across the street to that new bakery and bring me back a half dozen glazed doughnuts, will you?"

(Contd. on page 6)

"ANCHORS AWEIGH" (Contd. from page 5)

"Yes, sir!!" and the boy darts from the room as if he were an old hand at taking Navy orders.

The Chief motions to the next fellow in line, "What can I do for you, son?"

The boy clears his throat, begins to stammer, clears his throat again, and finally blurts out, "I want to enlist."

Then follows a series of rapid fire questions, so rapid, in fact, that the boy hardly has time to get out his monosyllabic answers.

"When'll you be eighteen?"

"Are you still in high school?"

"Were you born in the United States?"

"Have you ever tried to enlist in the Army, Navy or Coast Guard before?"

"Okay, you go over and sit down and fill out these blanks and I'll come back to you after a little while. Who's next?"

And so it goes day after day in thousands of Navy recruiting stations all over the United States. Countless spirited patriotic young American boys still wet behind the ears pass in and out with dreams of winning fame and glory in the battles of the sea. I wonder whether years later, after they have experienced the tragedy of death and mutilation called War, those patriotic ideals will not be replaced by an ugly disgust for mankind as a whole for bringing about such needless sacrifice.

* * * * *

ON MY MIND...

Howard L. Jamison

Many times the question has been asked
What are we fighting for?
And now as sounds of war and battle headlines
Give way to notices of peace impending,
We think once more of answers that we've heard
Over and over... Security and peace.
Old questions... old answers, too.
Words that sooth and lull
Because we've heard
Over and over... Security and peace.
How sweet the thought in troubled times
Of nights and days when all the human cares
Can one by one be filed away in proper drawers of proper desks
And automatically dissolved
By distant and unerring hands in
Houses of Parliament and Leagues of Nations.
No more of worries now for us -- we are secure.
How foolishly we sleep and dream
And hide in fear behind security.
With a League of Nations or without one
Men are not yet ready to agree,
Each and every one, on each and every question
And 'til we are, the conflicts still will come
And power still will have the final word.
No matter that we choose a crew of experts
And hand all things that trouble us

(Contd. on page 7)

Into their still-human hands.
The problems still are there and men must find the answers
These questions that shape the lives of millions
Belong forever to the millions.
To find the answers is for you and me
Not for the morning-coated diplomats in palaces in Switzerland.
We cannot hide ourselves from the future.
Yet we try and try again
To make our rulers do the work.
Our rulers -- the word is poison gas in the throat!
Where are the Democrats who were so eager
To stand and face the storm and rule themselves?
To look upon the future as further chance
To make a better world just for themselves and by themselves?
Did we have in '39 or any other year
A life so beautiful and good
That we forever wished to stop
And only tread that little space of time?
That's what this signed-for dream,
That's what security means.
Security is running in place.
And oh the horror
Of finding, once you're stopped there,
This isn't what you like at all!
Security is for the dead
Safe in the oblivion of boxes 6x4.
For true living
There is no joy in standing still.
For living there is only joy
In hungry, angry seeking --
In swelling hope to overcome oneself;
To molt like the serpent
And leave the part that can no longer help
In dead security.
War, of course, is part of man
That long ago would better have been left
To rot in death, and peace is still the very breath
Of human hope.
For peace is like the opening of doors
Ina castle of many rooms and places.
Today the rooms are full and crowded
With broken furniture of dead years.
To keep our hold on ancient chairs and beds
We make our plans.
Oh, men, what good to cling so to a broken past
In vain and hopeless hope?
Security...
We have not feared to fight a war
With all our strength of mind and body;
When once the castle doors are open,
Gather up our strength once more
To dare to overcome the broken past
To seize the battered chairs and beds,
And, swearing by our yet-to-come
To heave them into silent past
From whence they came.

ON V-E DAY

Today word comes that at least one phase of the greatest tragedy of mankind is over. It is word that we have all prayed for, hoped for and longed to hear, and it is only right that people should be happy and filled to the brim with gladness at the joyous tidings. But let it also be remembered that there may be many on this day whose hearts will not be full, of happiness at least, for there are those whose loved ones will not return even when the holocaust is entirely spent.

There shall be no man who has worn a uniform in this war who will not pause on this day and remember those comrades whose bodies lie in some foreign sea or land, giving to the soil something which their lives gave to the ideals of mankind, nourishment to grow.

Those of us already home and those who shall finally return will be told that "we have done our share", but we know even today that we have not. We know the only ones who have fully done their job shall not be returning in body to the land which was their home.

But this also do we know ------ they shall return with us in spirit that we might finish our task in making the world a better place to live.

James R. Castleberry

HAMILTONEWS STAFF

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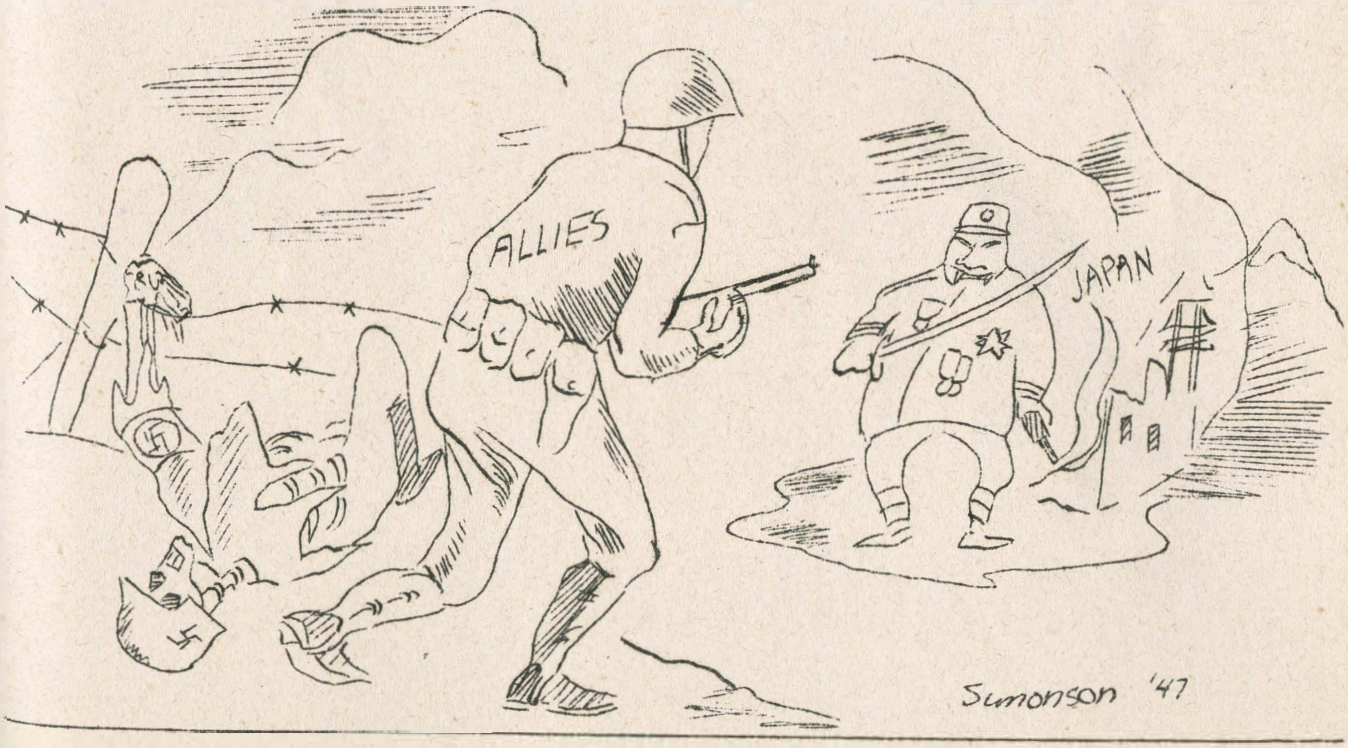
ONE MORE



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